

The New Plays

Possart's Shylock
Is Shakespeare
Brought Down
to Earth.

BY CHARLES DARNTON.

GERMANS are giving their greatest actor, Ernst von Possart, an enthusiastic welcome at the Irving Place Theatre, where the distinguished visitor is crowding the house at Bernhard prices.

Last night Herr von Possart appeared in "The Merchant of Venice." His Shylock is Shakespeare brought down to earth. In seeing this production you may have a few time-honored illusions destroyed, for it is so full of realism that there is little poetry left. But you will have at least one full-sized, able-bodied thrill, and that's something you don't get very often in home-made productions which treat Shakespeare with such reverence that there's hardly any real life left in them. Although these German actors take Shakespeare very naturally they make the trial scene unusually dramatic. It is here that they get surprisingly good results.

Possart doesn't bother about "racial grandeur" and the other majestic things that our actors so often love to read into the part. The Shylock that he brings to the trial scene is a common, sordid mixture of greed, hatred and revenge. He stands with claw-like fingers to snatch the precious bond; he whets his knife savagely on the sole of his shoe; he springs forward with a wolfish gleam in his eyes to seize his victim. The knife is quivering above Antonio's breast when Portia halts the Jew with a word. The rest of the scene is played with the knife occupying the centre of the stage. When it falls from Shylock's hand it buries its point in the floor and there it stays.

It's all over but he shouting—and now Antonio's joyful friends did whoop it up for him last night. Their shouts emphasized Shylock's silence. Possart's Jew is a broken man indeed—so broken that he cannot walk alone. This is the only emotion which you feel the slightest sympathy for him. Although he touches his head at every mention of Abraham.

ham, the Rialto seems more to him than his religion. To a decided Yiddish accent Possart adds gestures ordinarily used here for comedy purposes only. But his clanking fingers and his relentless eye keep this Shylock from being funny. He is always sinister, in a mean, ugly way. From first to last Possart is a realist.

Some of the minor parts come in for strange treatment. The Prince of Arragon, whom we know as a haughty, self-important grandee, was played as a comedy character by a tall young man in a blond wig who acted like a conceited ass. The youth who played Launcelot Gobbo rattled away at a crazy pace with little regard for the simple humor of the part. Miss Gertrude de Lasky was not always successful in giving Portia charm and warmth, but her acting in the trial scene was intelligent and effective. Antonio was completely overcome by emotion when the decision went against him, but he bore up as Shylock went down and took the count.

Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers

Love and Gossip.

YOUNG people, do not gossip. And do not listen to gossip. Few things cause more trouble than listening to "what he said about you" or "I heard her telling some one thus and so about Mary." The foundation of love or liking is trust. If you cannot trust a person do not profess friendship for him or her, and if you do give your trust refuse to listen to the unkind things other people may have to say about the object of that trust. In any case you should like people for what they are to you. If they are loyal to you it is not your place to question their loyalty to others.

My dear, there is an old fashioned rule (but it is nevertheless a very good one) our grandmothers used to say: "If you have not something kind to say about a person do not say anything at all."

Just remember, boys and girls, do not gossip.

Not Attentive.

A GIRL who signs her letter "V. A." writes: "A man I know has told me he loves me, and I told him I loved him. But he does not pay much attention to me. In fact, he is more attentive to another girl. This makes me very sad. What shall I do?"

Explain kindly to the young lady why you do not approve of the habit, and ask her if she does not think enough of you to give it up.

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Treat the young man indifferently, and do not feel that you should accept his attentions unless he is willing to devote them to you.

Gleaned From Here and There.

THERE are over 170,000,000 acres under wheat cultivation in the world.

China is spending \$200,000,000 on the rehabilitation of her army and navy.

The game of billiards was introduced into England at the close of the sixteenth century.

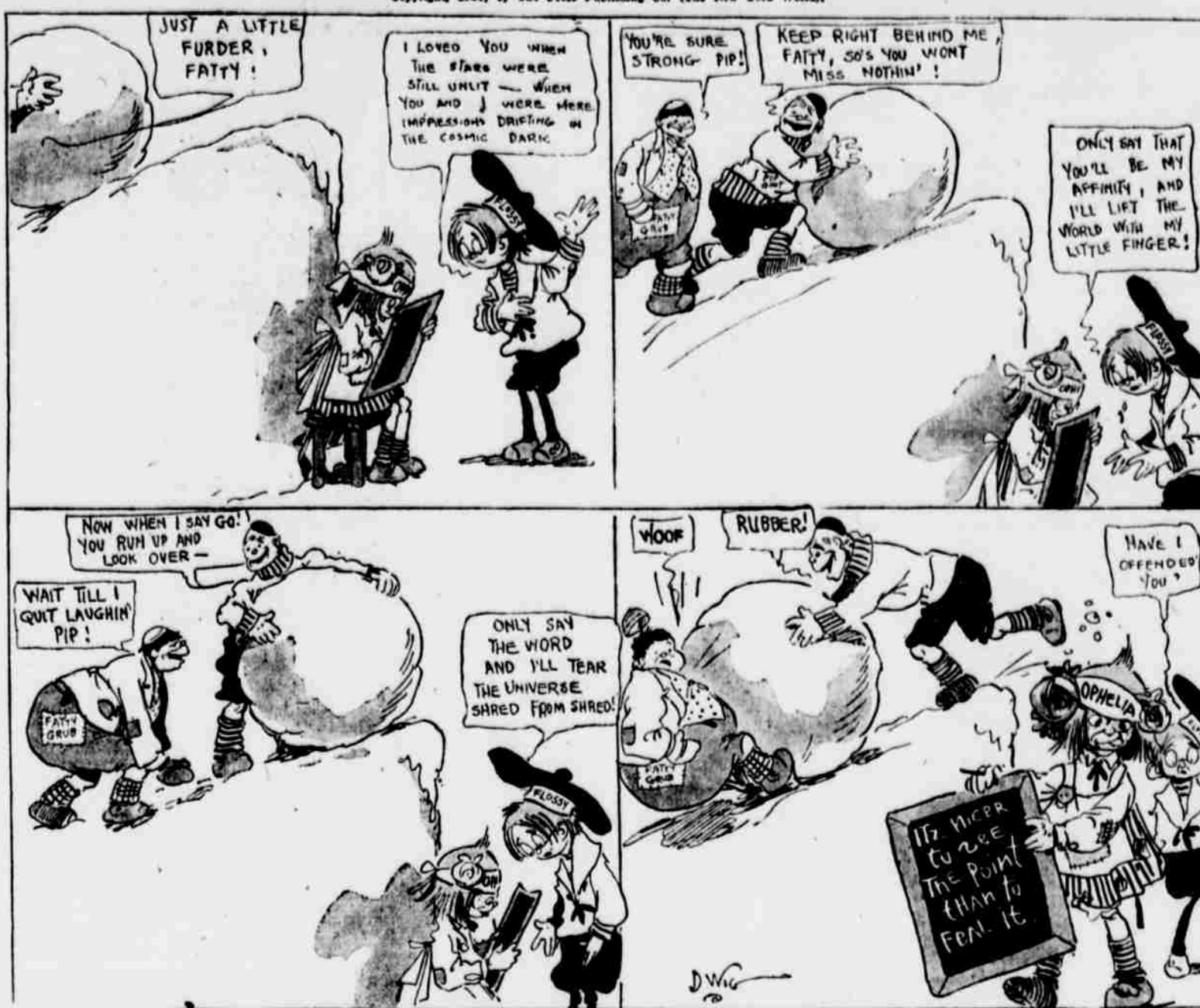
It is estimated that over one thousand aeroplanes are being built in England at the present moment.

An Ohio man in a fit of anger because his shotgun did not go off when he aimed it at a squirrel threw it against a barn door, thus causing the weapon to go off and kill him.

The Rothschilds smoke the most costly cigars that are made, which cost \$5 each. These are wrapped in gold leaf and placed in little ivory cedar wood boxes.

Oh, You Ophelia! By Clare Victor Diggins

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The High Cost of Living By Will B. Johnstone

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Give and Take By Ethelyn Huston

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To "do good, for good is good to do." They will scurry over the bricks of your little helplessness and know how open-mouthed to plaster and stare. They will use your little path and then leave it to the weeds of selfishness and the waters of oblivion. They will take your little gifts of time and effort with the careless valuation of small change, and gaze gratefully at ostentatious condescension that costs nothing.

And you will become familiar with the almost-taste of "benefits forgot."

But then can you turn back to the gray and his philosophy. And you find the old woman, Fear, has left your breast. You have not and yourself to sham gods and false idols. You have done your little part honestly, sincerely, and you are at peace with your own soul. As you have built in little things for others you have built all unconsciously for yourself, and your humble work has led you to ways of pleasure and peace.

Do good, for good is good to do—and for that reason only. Use that line as your

Another ARSENE LUPIN Story "The Hollow Needle" By Maurice Leblanc

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. The Count de Saint-Veran, in the Count de Gevers, in Normandy, France, is entered by Lupin. The Count's daughter, Blanche, is a young woman of great beauty and intelligence. She is the only one who has not been kidnapped by Lupin. She is the only one who has not been kidnapped by Lupin. She is the only one who has not been kidnapped by Lupin.

CHAPTER IV. (Continued.) "DON'T cry, youngster. This is one of those blows which he rushes upon you when the fray is over. The worst disasters lie in wait for him. The destiny of fighters will have it so. We must suffer it as bravely as we can." Then, with a sort of gentleness, he continued: "You were right, you see we are not enemies. I have known it for long. From the very first I felt for you, for the intelligent creature that you are, an involuntary sympathy—and admiration. And that is why I wanted to offend you: I should be extremely sorry to offend you—but must say it: well, give up struggling against me. I am not saying this out of vanity—nor because I despise you—but, you see, the struggle is too unequal. You do not know—nobody knows—all the resources which I have at my command. Look here, this secret of the Hollow Needle which you are trying so vainly to unravel: suppose for a moment that it is a formidable, inexhaustible treasure—or else an invisible, prodigious, fantastic refuge—or both, perhaps. Think of the superhuman power which must derive from it! And you do not know either, all the resources which I have within myself—all that my will and my imagination enable me to undertake and to undertake successfully. Only think that my whole life—ever since I was born, I might almost say—has tended toward the same aim, that I worked like a convict before becoming what I am and to realize, in its perfection, the type which I wished to create—which I have succeeded in creating. That being so—what can you do? At that very moment when you think that you are right, when you think that you will escape you—there will be something of which you have not thought—a trifling grain of sand which I shall have put in your right place, and you will be hurt. You will give up—I should be obliged to hurt you, and the thought distresses me." And, placing his hand on the boy's forehead, he repeated, "Give up, youngster, give up. I should only hurt you. Who knows if the trap into which you will inevitably fall has not already opened under your footstep?"

Blanchet uncovered his face. He was no longer crying. Had he heard Lupin's words? One might have doubted it, judging by his inattentive air. For two or three minutes he was silent. He seemed to weigh the decision which he was about to take, to examine the reasons for and against, to count up the favorable and unfavorable chances. At last, he said to Lupin: "If I change the sense of the article, if I confirm the version of your death and if I undertake never to contradict the 'false version' which I shall have sanctioned, do you swear that my father will be free?"

"I swear it. My friends have taken your father by motor car to another provincial town. At 7 o'clock tomorrow morning, if the article in the Grand Journal is what I want it to be, I shall telephone to him and he will restore your father to his freedom."

"Very well," said Blanchet. "I submit to your conditions."

Quickly, as though he saw no object in prolonging the interview after accepting his defeat, he rose, took his hat, bowed to Lupin and went out. Lupin watched him go, listened to the sound of the door closing and muttered:

"Four little beggars!"

At 8 o'clock the next morning I sent my man to buy the Grand Journal. It was twenty minutes before he brought me a copy, most of the kiosks being already sold out.

I unfolded the paper with feverish hands. Blanchet's article appeared on the front page. I gave it as it stood and as it was quoted in the press of the whole world.

The Ambrose Mystery. I do not intend in these few sentences to set out in detail the mental processes and the investigations that have enabled me to reconstruct the tragedy—Ambrose. In my opinion this sort of work and the judgments which it entails, deductions, inductions, analyses and so on, are only interesting in a minor degree and, in any case, are highly commonplace. No, I shall content myself with setting forth the two leading ideas which I followed, and if I do not do it to my satisfaction, so be it. Their merit and in solving the two problems which they raise, I shall have told the story just as it happened, in the exact order of the different incidents.

It may be said that some of these incidents are not proved and that I leave too large a field to conjecture. That is quite true. But, in my view, my theory is founded upon a sufficiently large number of proved facts to be able to say, even though the facts are not proved, must follow from the strict logic of events. The stream is so often lost of the pebbly bed: it is nevertheless the same bed which reappears at intervals and mirrors back the blue sky. The first riddle that confronted me, a riddle not in detail, but as a whole, was how came it that Lupin, mortally wounded, one might say, managed to live for five or six weeks without nursing, medicine or food, at the bottom of a dark hole?

Let us start at the beginning. On Thursday, the 16th of April, at 4 o'clock in the morning, Arsene Lupin, surprised in the middle of one of his most daring burglaries, was away by the path leading to the ruins and drops down shot.